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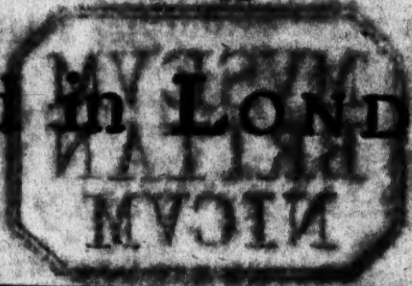
K. B. J.
BATH-Intrigues:

1080-6-14
IN FOUR

LETTERS

TO A

Friend in LONDON.



*There is a Lust in Man, no Awe can tame,
Of loudly publishing his Neighbour's Shame.*

GARTH



L O N D O N;

Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the Oxford-
Arms, in Warwick-Lane. 1725.

BATH-Intrigues:

IN FOUR

LETTERS

TO A

Friend
ON.
MUSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

Of fondly publishing his Neighbour's Shame.
There is a Lust in Mine, no Awe can tame,

GARTH.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Roberts, near the Oxford-
Arms, in Warwick-Lane. 1725.

begin with her — she is lodged in a
House where there are some of the best



BATH-Intrigues.

DEAR WILL



AMONG the many Friends
you have at the *Bath*, I am
surpriz'd you should make
choice of me for an Intelli-
gence, who you know have
neither Wit enough to set
up for an *Author*, nor Ill-nature for a
Satyrift; but as you have thought me
worthy of this great work, I will endea-
vour to go through it to the best of my
power.

I do not doubt but that in enquiring
into the Behaviour of the Ladies here in
general, the greatest part of the Satis-
faction you propose by it, is the Repeti-
tion of what your adorable *Cloe* says
and does. To oblige you then, I shall

B

begin

begin with her——she is lodged in a House where there are some of the best, tho' not greatest Quality in the Place——she carries herself amongst them not over-gay, or grave——she receives *all* Company in *Publick*, but admits of *none* in *Private*——is a partaker of every *Diversion*, yet seems most fond of *Solitude*——dresses less *fine* than those of an *inferior* Rank, yet with a *Genteelness* that distinguishes her above her *Superiors*——she sees herself particulariz'd by *every* body, yet particularizes *no* body——is pleased with the deference that's paid her, without growing proud on it——in short, her Behaviour is such, as you would wish to justify your Choice; she is in every thing all you can desire, and much more than, without seeing, you can *comprehend*.

I am sorry to say, that your Brother's Widow is the very reverse of all this; what has been long believ'd, is now confirm'd: the mask of *Prudery* is pull'd off, and the intriguing Dame must henceforth act bare-faced: Long might she have worn it——long might those Inclinations been concealed from the World's Eye, as tho', indeed, as she pretended, buried in the Tomb of her dead Husband——'till Age might she have enjoy'd the Pleasures of Youth, unknown

(3)

to any but the happy. He who shar'd 'em, had not the Jealousy and prying Curiosity of a Rival search'd into the Secret. She had some time ago, as Fame reports, happened by accident into the Company of *Doddonus*; he whose Heart, like Tinder, the least spark of Beauty sets on fire, became immediately charm'd with your fair Sister, and accordingly made use of all the Wit and Address he is master of, to let her know the Passion she had inspir'd him with—she was not long insensible; and being, as you know, a great Politician herself, thought it would be doing an Injustice to the State, to suffer so considerable a Pillar of it to sink by her disdain; and therefore, as the Sequel has discover'd, in a very short time return'd him Love for Love. In the height of the Affair, either an ill Health, or rather the Impossibility it was for any motive to induce her to abscond from a place which she knew afforded so many Opportunities of being admir'd, brought her this Season to the *Bath*. He promis'd to follow in a short time, being, as he said, prevented from coming when she did, by some Business of the utmost importance to the Nation. They agreed, however, to write to each other; but unfortunately for the Lady's Reputation, *Flavia*; who it seems has long held a

Correspondence with him, of the same nature, happened to send her Servant to the Post-House at the same moment the other was putting in a Letter there. The extraordinary care she took in concealing this Affair, was the only thing that reveal'd it; had she trusted any other Person with the Carriage, 'tis probable *Flavia's* Servant had not regarded to whom it was directed; but being herself the Bearer, and giving a charge to have it taken a particular care of, excited the Fellow's Curiosity to glance at the Superscription; which he no sooner had discovered, than guessing at the Engagement his Lady had with him, he hasten'd home with the News. The Fury and Spirit of Revenge, incident to Jealousy, immediately seiz'd her; and agitated by every Emotion at enmity with Good-nature, presently contriv'd the means both to satisfy herself how far the Amour between them had been carried, and also to expose it——she writ the same Evening to a Confidant in *London*, to watch the coming in of the Post, and enquire for a Letter directed to *Doddons*; for her Emisary had told her, it was ordered to be left at the Office till call'd for. Her Stratagem succeeded so well, that the next Return she was in possession of her Rival's Letter, enclos'd in one from

from the Friend she had employ'd, to intercept it: You may believe that, it was neither to tear, nor burn, she took so much pains to get it into her possession—the dear Mischief she propos'd by it, was too precious to be lost—she show'd it in all Companies, and to heighten the Contents, (which were, indeed, as amorous as Mrs. *Off-d's* Eyes, or the Writings of the Author of *Love in Excess*) she added a thousand Circumstances which 'twas impossible she could ever come to the knowledge of—The Hand was perfectly well known, and no body makes a doubt but that it was really wrote by the Lady whose Name is to it; but the means by which *Flavia* came to be Mistress of such a Secret, is as yet but whisper'd. The Scene, however, affords no small matter of Diversion to those who are disinterested in it: the Widow, either because some unlucky Creature has put it into her head, or because she can think of no other way by which her Letter should be expos'd, verily believes *Doddonus* has been faithless enough to sacrifice her to *Flavia*; and in return, repeats, and invents a thousand things to the prejudice of her Rival.—There is not the least false Step in either of their Lives, but by each other's Malice is made publick: both have drawn numbers to their Parties; some few, perhaps,

in.

instigated by Friendship; but many more, who by fomenting this Quarrel, do it only with a View of having a farther Subject to exercise their belov'd Talent of Ridicule. — My Lord *Wordy*, indeed, very zealously declares himself on your Sister's side, but the Reason of it is plain; every body knows he had once a Design on *Flavia*, made her several fine Presents, and lost abundance of time, in soliciting her for a Favour, he has since heard *Doddonus* obtain'd with no more expence than a Copy of Verses, and those too not of his own composing; but wrote at his request by a Poet, more eminent by his Passion for the Lass with the Golden Hair, than any other Incident of Life. Revenge, therefore, engages the Peer to espouse the Widow's Cause against *Flavia*, as it does Captain *Love-penny* to take the contrary side. The War between these fair Antagonists every day grows fiercer, but to which the Victory will fall, is uncertain, till the arrival of *Doddonus*, who is now expected with great Impatience. — 'Tis in your power, by communicating this Affair to some who may deliver it to *Strawberia*, to create no less Diversion in *Town* than we have had at *Bath*; but I shou'd not have put it into your head, lest you really should be fond enough of Mischief to do it, and by that means, he should be pre-

prevented from coming here this Season; for I am told, that Lady has so great an ascendant over him, that in spite of the mutability of his Temper, he durst no more disoblige her, than she his Footman.—But that as you please—I neither excite nor dissuade, the Satisfaction of my Friends being always more preferable to me than my own.

But I must not forget to acquaint you, that while my Lord *Wordy* is so busy in exposing the Frailties of poor *Flavia*, he does not escape being made the Jest of all the Company himself.—You know he was ever addicted to boast of Ladies Favours—some waggish Gentlemen here contriv'd to send him a Letter as from a Woman of Quality, but left him to guess at the Name, signing no other than *Incognita*; this was an Assignment to meet in a Field about a Mile distant from the *Barb*—the day they chose, happen'd to be the most rainy we have had this year; the meeting was to be so private, that he was charg'd to leave his Coach a good distance from the Place, and while he went, Knight-Errant like, defying Wind and Weather, walking for a good space of time expecting his *Dulcinea*, those who had sent him on the Adventure, order'd their Servants to go disguis'd, and cut all the Harnesses of the Horses; and at his return, he

he found himself oblig'd to walk to his Lodgings in the most miry and piteous Condition that ever disappointed Lover was in. But I should have inform'd you, that having communicated the Invitation he receiv'd from this imaginary fine Lady, to those very Gentlemen who had laid the Plot, and promis'd to acquaint them with his Success; in spite of the Fatigue he had endur'd, he now dress'd him, and went to the Tavern where they had appointed to meet; and on their asking him if he had been happy, O! beyond Imagination, (*cry'd he*) the loveliest, most enchanting of her Sex—~~—~~one you little think on;—the kind Creature was there before me, and after she had discover'd to me who she was, consented to go with me to a place which I always make use of when my Amour is with Women of Condition:—But what do you think! (*continues he*) while I was talking with her, some Villains took the opportunity of my Rascal's absence, who, it seems, was gone to regale himself at an adjacent Alehouse, and cut the Harnesses of my Coach: 'twas a damn'd disappointment, because I should else have had the pleasure of her Company all night; and you know, Gentlemen, I could not ask a Woman of Quality to walk with me to Town, it would certainly have expos'd her in so censorious a Place

(9)
as this. Well, but, said one of the Persons he had spoke this to, How did the Lady get to the Fields, for I think there has not been a fair Moment this Afternoon?—O' (*reply'd my Lord*) let a Woman alone for Contrivance, when she is to meet the Man she loves;—she came in her own Chariot to the House of a Lady, who lives just by the Place I met her in, and telling her that she heard her Husband had made an assignation with a Woman in that Field, she was come with a design to observe them:—the Excuse pass'd current, and she met her Lover under the cover of watching her Husband. 'Twas lucky indeed on her side, (*resum'd the Gentleman*) who had put him to the trouble of this Invention; but I hope, *said he*, your Lordship made sure of her, notwithstanding the disappointment the Rogues gave you in demolishing your Harness. Aye, aye, (*reply'd my Lord*) you need not doubt that—as the Poet says,

Many a Nymph has on the Grass been spread;

And much good Love without a Feather-bed.

The Weather, however, would not admit of that, but you know my Coach was there, and tho' it was disabled from travel-

C

ling,

ling, it serv'd us on this occasion.—
 These Words were accompanied with a
 loud Laugh, which was immediately
 ecchoed by the whole Company, tho'
 not as he imagin'd, but at the impro-
 bable Fiction he had invented, to conceal
 his Disappointment.

But this was but the beginning of the
 Diversion, that has been made of his
 Vanity: they continued to prosecute
 what they had begun, and the next day
 sent him another Letter as from the same
 enamour'd Lady, desiring he would ex-
 cuse her failing in the former Assigna-
 tion, and that he would meet her at an-
 other place; where, when he went, ex-
 pecting to be amply recompens'd for the
 fatigue he had endur'd on her account,
 instead of an amorous obliging Mistress,
 he found only a Letter which had been
 left for him; the Contents of it would
 have been a sufficient Mortification to
 any Man but himself. Never was there
 a more severe or just piece of Raillery
 both on his Person and Understanding;
 but the Disease is incurable, 'tis not in
 the power of Wit to work a Refor-
 mation in the Manners of this incorrigi-
 ble Coxcomb; he will believe himself the
 most agreeable Person on Earth, in spite
 of his Taylor and Looking-Glass: and
 tho' his Study extends no farther than
 an

an *English* Novel or a Song, thinks those People are of wretched Capacities, who have recourse to the *Classick* Authors for Improvement.

But I will trouble you no farther on so worthless a Subject; I happened myself on a discovery last Night, which I think more surprizing than any thing I ever met with in my whole Life: you are acquainted with my Lady *Bellair*, and doubtless have been one to whom she has declared the prodigious Passion she has for my Lord her Husband, and lamented the little Return he makes, and the number of her Rivals. This I am certain you cannot but know, since her Love and Jealousy are the only Topicks with which she entertains all those with whom she has an Intimacy; neither are you ignorant that he has long been in Love with Miss *Forward*; how far she has been influenced by his Addresses, I will not pretend to say; but 'tis past a question, that she has receiv'd Presents from him to a considerable Value——But that is not the Business; what has engross'd the Wonder of every body here, is, that my Lady, who would not be seen in her Company in *London*, rail'd at her wherever she came, and accused her of a too great Intimacy with her Husband, with an Assurance as tho' she had had the most

evident Demonstrations of it; now courts and caresses her, as the dearest of her Friends, seems never so well, as when she is with her, confesses her Suspicions of her Virtue were injurious; and, to convince the World how sensible she is of the Error she has been guilty of, goes abroad whole Afternoons together, and leaves her with my Lord at Picquet. Various have been the Conjectures on this Proceeding; but the most general Opinion is, that my Lady has only acted the politick part, and by giving them those Opportunities, hopes to have surer Proofs of the Levity of that young Girl, and the Falshood of her Husband, than she could have while her Jealousy kept them on their guard. There was, indeed, nothing improbable, in this Suggestion, and I was one of those who believ'd this really was the motive which had induced her to behave in so different a manner from what she had been acustom'd; nor would it have been a very easy matter to have inspir'd me with any other Sentiments, had any but my own Eyes and Ears attempted to undeceive me.

The Weather being more than ordinarily hot last Night, I went into the Garden, hoping to find that Refreshment from the Air, which at that time neither Company nor Books could afford me—

Being

Being got into a contemplative Humour, I sat down in a little Arbour, indulging Thought; but my Cogitations receiv'd an immediate Interruption: I had scarce plac'd myself, before the murmuring of Voices, one of which I imagin'd not unknown to me, oblig'd me to delay Reflection, and obey the dictates of a present Curiosity. ——— I laid my Ear as close as I could to the little Partition thro' which I had discover'd the Sound to come, and presently heard these Words:

Why, my Charmer! should you raise
 ' these fruitless Objections against my
 ' Happiness! is it not a justice you owe
 ' yourself? ——— does not your ungrateful
 ' Husband prefer a little taudery Flirt to
 ' the most lovely of her Sex? ——— is it
 ' not plain to the whole World that you
 ' are slighted, wrong'd; your Goodness
 ' made a Property? ——— and can you
 ' still persist to love him? ——— No, (*re-*
 ' *ply'd the other*) it would be calling my
 ' Understanding in question but to sus-
 ' pect I still can love him——but my
 ' Virtue must ever be dear to me——
 ' Oh! do not, do not, therefore, tempt me
 ' farther.' I needed no more than this, to
 convince me it was my Lady *Bellair*
 and a Gentleman of the long Robe, whose
 Pleadings were more successful here, than
 ever he can hope they will be at the Bar.

After

After a little more Discourse, his Arguments growing more forcible, hers less reluctant, all Coherence in their Conversation was at an end; and all that I could hear for some time, were gentle Sighs and the Sound of some few Words, which tho' too intelligible to be repeated, made me give an easy guess at the meaning, which a while after the Lady confirm'd by saying, — Ah! my dear Counsellor! what would become of me, if you should now be false? — If like my Husband you should despise a known Felicity, and rove in search of new untasted Pleasures? — May I be that moment stricken blind, (*answer'd he*) whenever I cease to adore these Charms, or make it not the chief Business of my Life to render myself worthy of the Joys I have possess'd. — There pass'd between them many more Protestations of the like nature, and which are too common in Affairs of this kind, to afford any thing *novelle* in the Repetition of — When I found they were about to leave the place they were in, I clamber'd up a little Tree, which overlook'd the Garden; and it not being very dark, saw them go into the House, stopping every two or three Paces, to renew their Vows, and seal them with a Kiss. — This Indiscretion in a Woman of that Lady's Character, surpriz'd me

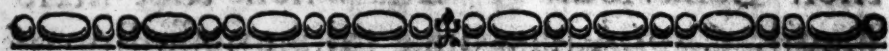
me no less than her Fall from Virtue had done; because as there were several Lodgers both in the House I was in, and that she went into, she could not be certain, but that some one, agitated by the same Curiosity I was, might observe their Behaviour——But when that little Devil, *Cupid*, has once taken possession of the Senses, there is seldom any room for Prudence.

What will be the Consequence of this Amour, as yet is uncertain; but 'tis highly probable, will not be long a Secret. The Counsellor has a Mistress, who I believe, for all his Professions to my Lady, he will not quit—the other will find it out, and the same Jealousy which prevail'd on her to forego her Honour in revenge to her Husband, will carry her to a great length against her Lover; she will doubtless endeavour to ruin his Fortune, if she cannot hold his Heart, and I prophesy a world of Confusion in both these Families. If any thing happens of moment, while they stay at *Bath*, I will take care to acquaint you with it; as also all the fresh Intelligence that arrives: and I believe shall, by next Post, be master of a Secret worth the telling; 'till when, dear *Will*, Adieu, and believe me to be

Sincerely Yours, &c.

J. B.

I had like to have forgot acquainting you, that Mrs. *Pertly* is gone away very ill; they say, in order to be cur'd of a natural Timpany, occasioned by her drinking the Waters at *Tunbridge*.



LETTER II.

I Find it is but giving a willing Ear to Scandal, and a thousand Tongues are ready to oblige you, especially in such a place as this. If a Person has a mind to have his Character, Humour, Circumstances, nay, those of his great Grandfather, repeated, let him come to the *Bath*. They trace your Family to the very Origin, and can give you a better account why such a one has a Field *d' Argent*, or such a one *d' Ore* in his Escutcheon, than the Herald himself—For my part, I always took *Dick Moody* to be of a good Descent; his Ancestors for some Generations have been in possession of a fine Estate, bore handsome Arms, and never had their Gentility called in question, till poor *Dick* unluckily falling in love with a Girl that sells Fruit here, they tell me 'tis a Sympathy of nature; that the first of the Family was a Coffer-monger,

monger, and bring Arguments from Philosophy to prove that sooner or later, every thing returns to its Original. But his Misfortune is but a trifling one in comparison with that which a Friend of ours labours under; who happening to be of the same name with a very great Man, had persuaded Lady *Rampant* to believe he was of that Family, and on the merit of that was very near succeeding in his Pretensions to her. He is now discovered to be of a quite different Genealogy, and so far from being related, that they are of widely distant Counties. That Lady, who protests she will never marry beneath her Rank, has discarded him on this Information; and he is grown so melancholy on the Occasion, that it confirms what is said of him, that he is indeed very meanly born, since no one who is really a Gentleman, could look on the loss of an Estate, with such a Woman tack'd to it, as a very great cause of Affliction.

But so much for Pedigree. Tho' nothing is more talk'd of here, yet I know Intrigue is your darling Theme; you are not so industrious in discovering what People are, as what they do. To oblige you then, I shall make no scruple of letting you into the *Faux-Pas* of a Lady, whose Charms merit more Good

nature than she has found. After having spoke of her with this Tenderness, I do not doubt, but you will easily guess it is no other than the agreeable *Amanda* that I mean. — The long suffering Virtue of that beautiful Creature, I confess, has ingrafted in me so peculiar an Esteem for her, that the Knowledge of her late Mismanagement (which is now alas! too plain) cannot erase it: but the pitiless World is not of my Opinion: Tho' every body knows she bore for several Years the worst of Usage from her ungenerous Husband, with the most exemplary Patience and Resignation; yet then the Voice of Fame was silent, not a Mouth was open to proclaim her Virtues: but when urg'd by Provocations beyond what Humanity could sustain, she fell into Measures not altogether so blameless. How fond is every one of censuring and condemning her! which admirably well verifies what the late inimitable Doctor *Garth* says, in his *Dispensary* on that Occasion.

*On Eagles Wings immortal Scandals fly,
While virtuous Actions are but born and die.*

But to the purpose, the History of this unfortunate Lady is this: Being married very young, and to a Man that had taken

taken more pains to gain her Parents Consent than her own; it could not be expected she could have any great Passion for him; ~~it was~~ Duty, however, and Gods nature made up for that Deficiency, and never was there a better, or more endearing Wife. — For about a Month, indeed, he liv'd with her in a mutual Felicity; but the Corruption of the Times, ill Company, and his own Depravity of Taste, soon made him grow careless of the Blessing he enjoy'd, and rove else where in search of Pleasure — he found it to his cost: he brought her home a Disease, under which they both languish'd for many Months — yet did not this fatal effect of Libertinism in the least reclaim him. He was no sooner cured than he repeated the same Crime, and had the same Punishment as before; he did not, indeed, this second time communicate it to his Lady: but the Grief it was to her, to find so ill a Return for her forgiving Goodness, is not to be express'd: she behav'd herself to him, however, with an unparallel'd Sweetness of Humour, never upbraiding him with what was pass'd, only conjuring him for the future to have more regard to himself and her: but all she said, was ineffectual to reclaim him — He rather grew worse; and because it was not in his nature to

use her as well as she deserv'd, he used her in the worst manner it was possible for him to do, or her to bear. After a long Series of continued Barbarity, she was at last persuaded by some she took to be her Friends, to try if Jealousy would work any alteration in his Sentiments, being brought to believe, that the apprehension of having the Injuries he did her retaliated in kind, would make him see his Error, and desist giving him any further Provocations to a Wife who when so young and lovely as *Amanda*, always has it in her power to be reveng'd— This it was that was the Ruin of this unhappy Lady—accustoming herself to listen to the fine things, that, on her giving Encouragement to 'em, were daily said to her, made her in time grow pleas'd with hearing 'em; and when the witty, gay *Cleantbus* attack'd her, all the Resolution which had defended her in other Encounters, now forsook her— In fine, she yielded, and had not long done so, before either thro' their own Inadvertency, or the Malice of some inquisitive People, the Affair was discover'd; and she who never had, when, the most free from Blame herself, the Ill nature to exclaim against, the most notorious Faults of others, is now condemn'd as the most criminal Woman on Earth; she

finds

finds none to excuse or alleviate a Frailty. She was but betray'd into, and provok'd to, by all that can urge a Woman's just Resentment.

The Case of *Berenice* cannot thus be pleaded: she married my Lord *Sparkish* purely thro' Inclination; he makes her a perfect complaisant Husband, and loves her as well as it is the fashion for Men to love their Wives; yet she carries on an Intrigue here with *Basset* the Gamester, in a manner so publick, that if my Lord had not an unvanquishable Aversion for a naked Sword, he would have tried the Metal of the other's Blade: but being a Lover of Peace, he counterfeits a Blindness to their Behaviour, and is the only one who seems ignorant of his own Shame.

Celfus is as much in the Extremes the other way, he is jealous of every Man who looks on his Wife——*Belloile* happen'd but to offer her a Pinch of Snuff the other day, and she has not been seen on the Walks since: but while he takes this particular care of her *abroad*, 'tis rumour'd she finds a way to make herself amends at *home*——they say his own Coachman is his Rival——How true this Report is, I will not pretend to determine; but the Ground from which it was taken, was a fine Diamond Ring the
Fellow

Fellow had on his Finger, pretending he had found it; and a few days after, all *Few*, of whom it had been bought, came to demand the Money, which *Bericilla* paid. It was, indeed, easy for her to do it, for the doating *Celfus* denies her nothing but Liberty; and there is no Extravagance as to Dress or Entertainments, (provided they are made for only Female Friends) that he does not willingly permit.

Poor *Camia*, tho' better deserving, has not this good Fortune; she is married to an old Man, who is not only excessively jealous, but covetous and ill-natur'd also; she told me it was with the utmost Reluctance he consented to her coming to the *Barb*, and she believes had never been persuaded to it, if the Physicians had not advis'd him to bring her, it being the only means they knew of, to remove Barrenness. The hope of having an Heir, at last won him; and the Gentlemen here are not a little merry on the Occasion; and some of them are resolv'd to leave no Means unattempted to procure him his Desire, by a Remedy, which, 'tis probable, may be more effectual than the Waters. How far the Stratagems that are laid will succeed, I cannot tell—the young Lady as yet has carry'd herself with an uncommon Prudence, considering her Circumstances;

stances; and I am apt to believe, her Inclinations are truly virtuous; how they may alter, 'tis Time alone must testify; the whenever that happens, this I dare maintain, that it will be more owing to her Husband's ill Treatment; than to any amorous Stars of her own. Lord Moody has already began to attack her, but I dare swear 'twill be without Success; for she has too good an Understanding, if she does accept of a Gallant, not to make choice of one whose Temper is more different from her Husband's.

Our old Acquaintance the Colonel and his Bride make a very great figure here; she is a Woman generally liked, I know several that have Designs on her; but if she does prove frail (as 'tis not impossible, considering her Husband's Constitution; but she may) I believe it will be in favour of Jack Townley——she has not been acquainted with him above a Week, and is so free with him, that some who have been witness of her Behaviour, scruple not to give her to him for a Mistress already; if so, it will be no small Disappointment to Kenario, who is stark mad in love with her, This is a Gentleman, to whom, because I believe you are a Stranger, I shall give you his Character; He is a younger Brother of a good Family, and having his Fortune to make in the

the World, very zealously apply'd himself to the Service of a Minister of State; he has found his account in it, and beside a handsome Post at Court, has been a considerable Gainer in the South Sea Scheme, inasmuch that when his elder Brother was oblig'd to sell his Acres, he was able to become the Purchaser of the greatest part of them. — But his Success with the fair Sex has been vastly different: being of the most amorous Disposition that ever was, in the height of his good Fortune, he courted on honourable Terms a Miller's Prentice, and was refused by her; the constant Swain fell sick — his Life was despair'd of, yet all this mov'd not the relentless Fair. — When with much ado he was recover'd, he fell a second time into Cupid's Snare, but as unhappily as before it was with the Wife of a certain Tradesman, by whom, after having made his Addresses, he was exposed to her Husband; who, by a hearty Bearing, let him know that all Citizens are not of a humour to barter their Wives Honesty for the gaining a good Customer. He has had several other unlucky Adventures on the same score, among which, I have a strong Suspicion his Design on the Colonel's fair Wife will be number'd: tho if the Girl were acquainted with their Dispositions, she would, of the two, prefer

fer him to *Townley*, who will not only flight her in a Week, but also sacrifice her Reputation to the next new Face he sees.

But among the prodigious number of Toasts we have here, I know of none more devoutly celebrated than the beautiful *Countess*, that supp'd with us at *Whitehall* the Evening before I left *London*—whenever she appears, she sweeps the Walks, and all the rival Charmers are left neglected to lament their own want of Power, and contrive which way to lessen hers—some cry, she is beholden more to *Art* than *Nature* for the Delicacy of her Complexion——others say, she wears false Hair—I heard the other day one of these fair Envyers protest her Teeth were not her own: No, no, *added another*, she lost them when she was under Cure for a loathsome Disease, which she pretends her Husband gave her; but I know who she had an affair with at that time, and he died of it.——Well, well, *cry'd another* (*affecting a little more Good-nature, but in reality as malicious as any of the rest*) take her all together, the Woman is very tolerable, but you must not examine her——I do believe she was a fine Creature ten Years ago—but if it was not for Art, the Decay would be prodigiously observable.

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servable.———She has lived strangely irregular, *said a fourth*, she drinks hard, and is as great a Debauchee in private, as ever a Fellow in Town is in publick.—— In this manner did they take the poor Lady to pieces, forgetting, all the while they were endeavouring to make her be thought less worthy of Esteem, their own Charms lost more by the visible Malice that sat upon their Features, than all they could say could cast on hers——it would not be in the power of all her Enemies, were the Number of 'em greater than it is, to blacken a Beauty so resplendent, did she not contribute herself to her own Destruction, by making choice of Favourites so unworthy of her notice——her Correspondence in *London* with the *Hibernian* Captain, and at *Bath* with an Enamorato of the same Nation, has done her more prejudice, than all the Suggestions Malice could invent.

Nor is her Intimate, Lady R——, more discreet; her Conduct excites the Wonder of every body here, nor will you be less astonish'd, when I shall tell you, that in spite of the Passion she made such professions of to the Knight, she has enter'd into an amorous League with a young Pop, who makes it his business to boast of the Favours he receives from her; a married Fellow too, and one whose Wife,

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thinking her Prerogative infring'd, rails in a most scurrilous manner, so that between the Husband's Vanity, and the Wife's Jealousy, nothing that passes between them is a Secret; I have seen him in publick Company, where I have been once, show her Letters, he tore the Name indeed, but what of that, when the Particulars discover'd the Author too plainly, for any one to mistake, and where they were wanting, either thro Design or Inadvertency he made it out: neither is this all which exposes her, she toys with him, is jealous of him, falls in Fits if she sees him but barely civil to any other Woman, and all this without regard who observes her Behaviour, or what may be conjectur'd by it. — The truth is, I believe, some Women glory in their Amours, and think it a greater Honour to be thought *amiable* than *virtuous*; if it were not so, we should not have half the Subject for that *just* Satire which we now abound in. I could give you innumerable Proofs of this Lady's Infatuation, for I can call it no other, if I were not afraid of making my Epistle too tedious, and know besides you are impatient for a new Subject — You expect, perhaps, I should entertain you with some Amours of my own, but I can tell you, Example has no effect on me; and I can be told my Friends are

employ'd in their several Intrigues, without envying their Happiness, or wishing to partake it. — If ever I knew what an amorous Inclination was, since my coming to the *Bath*, it was for the Wife of a *French* Merchant, and I believe should have made a tryal how far Fortune would have befriended me, if I had not discovered, an intimate Friend had been before-hand with me, and took off all the stock of Love that Lady had on her hands. — I had a kind of an Overture made me by a *Jewess*; but I am too good a Christian to deal with those who believe in Circumcision: I communicated the matter, however, to a Relation of mine, who improv'd the warmth of her Inclinations pretty much to his own advantage — he has little but his Wits to depend on, and she finds something in him deserving of a great many considerable Presents; therefore, if he can answer it to his Conscience, I think he makes the best use of her Favours a Man can do of a Woman's who is turn'd of Forty.

But to return to Informations more agreeable, there goes a pleasant Story of the *Peer*, with a great Equipage, and no Estate: he was passionately in love with the Wife of a certain Citizen, solicited her a long time for the Favour. At length she made him a kind of Promise, and

and appointed a day for his coming: he came according to Directions; but an impertinent Visiter being in the way, for a pretence he sat down to Picket—My Lord was the winner; and when they were left alone, seem'd to have forgot the Business he came upon, to prosecute his Play——The Lady reminded him of it; by saying she was weary of the Cards; but all did not do, he could not bear to give over while Fortune was on his side; 'till she pretending she was stript, threw the Cards and Counters on the Floor, and swore she never had such luck in her Life——Finding it impossible to prevail on her to play any more, he now bethought him that it was a different Entertainment she had made him hope—he began to press her to make him happy, swore there was nothing on Earth he wish'd with half that Fervency, as the blessing of her Love, and used all those means to prevail on her to grant his Desire, which have been so successful in his other Amours—but the Lady putting him off with an Air of Ridicule———No, no, my Lord! (*said she*) as great a Passion as you now would make me believe you have for my Person, you had a much greater a while ago for my Money: therefore to show how willing I am to gratify you, when I am in Bank again, I will let you know.—She would

would not give him leave to make any Excuse for himself; but ringing her Bell, ordered her Coach to be got ready, and left the disappointed *Peer* to repent of his Behaviour at leisure.——It must be acknowledged, she was extremely in the right; and if she holds her Resolution, 'twill be a greater Mortification than his Lordship's Vanity ever yet met with—not that so general a Lover as he is can take it much to heart, for he has here variety of Affairs on his hands; but the Baulk of this being owing to himself, increases the Vexation. Were I in his place, I confess I should hate the sight of a Card this Twelvemonth.

It was not thus an old Marquis behaved himself; who happening to have an Opportunity with a young Lady, who perhaps had not granted it, if she had not depended on his Age for a Protection—he no sooner saw himself alone with her, than he threw her on a Couch, and had certainly ravish'd her, if she had not call'd for Assistance——but tho' he miss'd of his Intent, he has acquir'd no small Reputation for his Vigour; and I know a Lady, a great pretender too to Virtue, that once could not endure the sight of him, now cannot drink her Tea without him, and cries him up for the best-humour'd Man in the World——'tis true, she does not seem

seem to believe the Story that is told of him, and condemns the young Lady for her Folly, in not knowing how to take a Jest.

As I was on the Walks the other day, my Lord *Grievous* took up a Letter; I saw him colour at the reading it; and presently after meeting my Lady, he pass'd her without speaking, and a world of discontent in his Countenance, and the next day I was told by one of the Family, that he quarrell'd with her violently about it——it seems it was one she had written to a *French* Officer, not that the Contents so much alarm'd him, being long since convinced of her Ladyship's Inclinations; but he was enrag'd to the last degree at her want of that Caution, which was necessary for his Honour——'Tis a strange thing (he was over-heard to say) that Women cannot be discreet in the concealment of their little Foibles——suppose any other had found this Letter——how should we both have been ridicul'd! 'Tis thought that the natural Vanity of the *French* induc'd him to drop this Letter on purpose to let the Company know how happy he was——I have since been in his Company, and took the liberty of raillying him about it; and, indeed, his Answers were such
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as inclines me to believe he is not much troubled at the Accident.

Doddonus is not yet arriv'd, and the Rival Ladies continue their Animosity, to the diversion of the Company——I have not compleated the Intelligence I have for you; but am just now summon'd to a place where I expect to hear more; which, the next Post, shall be communicated to you: in the mean time, dear *Will*, excuse

Yours with all Sincerity,

J. B.

If in return for my Scandal, you will send me what new Books are come out, I shall think myself over paid——Bless me, what had I like to have forgot!——I was last night in company with *Cloe*——I drank your Health, and she seem'd to pledge me with pleasure; as did *Belinda*. I wish that Lady has not a kindness for you, which is not in your power to return——she sigh'd when I railled her fair Friend about you, and look'd, methought, with a Languishment in her Eyes, as if she wish'd herself in *Cloe's* place——but I am sent for again, and must add no more than Adieu.

LET-

LETTER III.

I Believe my good Friend begins to think I grow slack in the Performance of the Task he set me ; three times has the Post gone out since I writ, but I assure you the Omission has neither been occasion'd by Neglect, or want of Intelligence, but meerly thro a Debauch ; which Sin, Heaven forgive you for, since you were the only Cause of my having fallen into it——Being invited by some Rakes of Quality to go with them to the House of a certain great Lady not far from the *Bath*, I comply'd with their Request for no other reason than the hope of hearing something among them which might be worth communicating to you——they drank so excessive hard, that my Constitution would not bear it, and I have not, till this moment, been capable of putting Pen to Paper——What you reproach me with therefore in your last, is very unjust, that I have a mind to keep all the Secrets to myself, that I may have the pleasure of telling them first ; for I assure you, there is nothing affords me less

Satisfaction, than the finding out Failings of this kind; and the exposing them, is yet more ungrateful: I know no Person in the World but yourself, whom I would oblige this way at the expence of my Good-nature. But since I have promis'd it, and have already begun to execute your Commands, will not now pretend to make any Arguments how far it may or may not be agreeable to my own Inclinations; 'tis sufficient I do you a pleasure, which, my dear *Will*, you must give me leave to assure you, shall always be the first thing in view.

But setting aside Preambles, the Success of the Adventure in going to this Lady's House was as follows—I got, as I have already intimated, most inferably drunk—sick to death, but retain'd my Senses as well as ever; by this means I had the opportunity of observing every thing, without being suspected to be capable of observing any thing—There was but one among us that was sober, and he kept himself so only for a reason, that you shall presently be acquainted with—The Lady, who is no other than the Wife of a certain Friend of ours, who, for fear of my Letters being intercepted, I shall only call by the Name of the *Knight of the sorrowful Countenance*, as appears by what I have
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to deliver, has an Intigue with this Gentleman—her Husband is in *London*, and the Spark, pretending Ignorance that he was absent, carry'd us all with him to visit there. The Glais went briskly about, and when every body was, as I tell you, grown in all appearance *Non Compos Mentis*, they withdrew into a little Chamber within the Parlour, where they could immediately hear if any of the Servants came in, as I could, who sat pretty near the Door, all that pass'd between them—You know, dear *Will*, I am not very amorous, but the luscious Conversation I listen'd to, the Beauty of the Woman, who is certainly one of the finest Creatures in the World, and the great Quantity of Wine I had drank, altogether inflamed my Blood, and I began to wish myself in my Friend's place—that Disorder which the Mixture of Liquors had occasion'd in my Stomach, was by this time wore off, and I thought of nothing but the Means to make myself master of my Wishes in the Enjoyment of this lovely Creature—I had no sooner form'd a little Scheme in my Head, than out they both came; and I never labour'd under more Uneasiness in my whole Life, than I did that moment between Envy of his Happiness, and Desire of succeeding him in it.—I said nothing, pretending to

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be asleep, 'till I saw her go out of the Room, I suppose to give some Orders to the Servants about her Domestick Affairs: I followed her immediately, without being taken notice of by the Lover, who by this time was engag'd with the rest of the Gentlemen that were still drinking at the Table: she went down a little pair of Back-Stairs, which led to the Kitchen; there I overtook her, and catching her in my Arms, frighted her at first, having neither seen nor heard me till she felt me. ——— But discovering who it was that held her, she took it only as the effect of my Drunkenness, and endeavour'd to get from me without affecting any great Surprise. No, Madam, (*said I*) I design not to part with you so easily, I but pretended to have lost my Senses, that I might entertain you with the less Suspicion. She seem'd extremely angry at this Declaration; and putting on an Air of offended Virtue, bid me cease my Rudeness, or she would call not only her Servants, but the Gentlemen also to her Assistance. That would be cruel indeed, (*added I*) because I know there is one among the number of those you mentioned last, who would not forgive my offering to infringe his Prerogative. ——— I then let her know I was sensible of every thing that had pass'd between 'em, and

and gave her to understand, that nothing but allowing me the same Favour she had done him, should buy my Secrecy. This most terribly alarm'd her; and either thro' Fear, or, as she afterwards swore, a secret liking to my Person, induc'd her to yield, without giving me the trouble of any farther Arguments.—— She led me into the Garden, and in a little Arbour compleated my Desires in as riotous and full a manner as I could wish, and far beyond my hope,—— Thus ended my Affair at that time, but she has promis'd by all that's holy, to renew my Happiness when we come to *London*.

I have since heard, that this is an amorous Family: this obliging Lady has a Sister a very fine Girl; but has been had by three or four; and the Mother of them has still a Colt's Tooth!——Who can help the Fault of Nature; yet the censorious World makes no allowances for a warm Constitution, and the Prejudice of Education: Women must be virtuous, whether 'tis in their power, or not; and the cold and phlegmatick *Prude* wonders at the Fire she feels not; and being free from any desire herself, will have it a Sin in others. Mrs. *Littleworth* wonders at *Brilliant's* Gaiety; and tho' she is guilty of a thousand worse

worse Faults herself, takes upon her to condemn the Wildness, as she calls it, of that young Lady's Disposition—but you know, and so does the whole Town, the different Foibles of these two Women. To return therefore to those things which are new to you——Captain *Aimwell* has cuckolded his Colonel, the Amour is made publick by the Treachery of her Maid; and the noble Colonel takes it so patiently, that 'tis thought the Business will be represented to his M——, and his tame enduring lose him his Commission; for nothing sure but the most consummate Coward would endure an Injury of that kind without Revenge, especially when offer'd by an inferiour Officer——'Twould be pleasant if the Captain should succeed him in that too, as well as in his Wife's Affections—— To tell the truth, he is much the most deserving Fellow, and I believe there are very few who know 'em both, that do not heartily wish this Catastrophe.

Much less to be excus'd, is the Wife of Sir *Thomas Worthy*: He is every way a compleat Gentleman, and has made an excellent Husband to *Belinda*; yet the inconstant Fair makes him only a property to conceal her loose Desires, which she makes no scruple of indulging with the least deserving, and most notorious,

rious, who are call'd Rakes——her Behaviour is now so little, cautious, that every body takes notice of it ; and I believe *Sir Thomas*, in spite of the Love he has for her, will be obliged to sue for a Separation next Sessions.

Lady Playwell sweeps all the Money here : if you remember, she was one of those who exclaim'd so violently against Gaming-Houses ; the Reason of it is plain, there was nothing so great an Enemy to private Play, as the Encouragement it met with in publick ; she therefore rail'd against it for the same Reason some Ladies do against Baudy-Houses, because there are Men, who when they can have a fine Woman for a Guinea, will not give themselves the trouble of addressing where it must cost Time and Protestations, and perhaps more Money too.——The Weather beginning now to grow less agreeable than it has been, Love and Gaming engross all the Company——I believe 'tis much the same in Town : therefore of that no more.

Fine Lady *Leer* preserves her Prerogative of Charming in as full a measure as ever, and is as exquisite in the Art of Jilting ; her Eyes invite almost as many as look on her, her Tongue refuses Encouragement to none : but I believe the Man is yet unborn, who can boast of
any

any more than these Superficial Favours;
 ——— yet she has a way peculiar to
 herself, of keeping them all in hopes, and
 cheats them so handsomely, that when
 they find themselves impos'd upon, they
 have not the power of complaining. The
 Song made on the once celebrated Mrs.
Bracegirdle, may, I'm sure, with much
 more justice, be apply'd to her.

*Always easy, never kind,
 When you think you have her sure;
 Such a Temper you will find,
 Quick to wound, but slow to cure.*

I have often wonder'd by what means
 she has held, for many Months together,
 in her Chains, the most dissolute Rovers;
 other Women in half the time would be
 obliged, either wholly to discard or grant
 'em all they could demand. She is as par-
 ticular in her Oeconomy this way, as she
 is in retaining the Management of her
 Sister's Fortunes, who tho' they have
 Husbands, still permit her to be their
 Trustee——she has certainly an Under-
 standing superior to what most of her
 Sex can pretend to, or her Designs could
 never be carried on with that Smooth-
 ness and Success.

Poor Mrs. *Temptall* in vain endea-
 vours at an Imitation of her: she engages,
 'tis

'tis true, a great number of Admirers, but has not the skill to maintain the Conquests she gains—she has not the Artifice of refusing, yet encouraging; and has often the Misfortune of engaging herself so far, as not to be able to go back—she gives herself to keep her Lovers, and for the most part loses them by it—and all she gets, is Scandal and Vexation.

—So difficult is it to be an accomplish'd Jilt, that a Woman who sets up for it, had need of a more than common Capacity to carry her through it without reducing herself to the utmost Contempt.

Among the number of her Admirers, is Captain *Strat*: he has sworn himself her everlasting Slave, pretends to be jealous of her to the last degree, challenges every body that he knows will not fight, and says they are his Rivals, and that he saw them look on Mrs. *Temprall* with amorous Glances—so that betwixt her own ill Conduct, and this Coxcomb's Levity, she is grown a common Town-Talk—tho' I really believe she is innocent enough from any Fact with him more than allowing Encouragement to his impertinent Visits; yet she suffers more in her Reputation, than can be imagined, on his account.

An Accident happen'd Yesterday, which has occasion'd no small Discourse here: a young Lady, who made a very handsome Figure, receiv'd publickly the Addresses of Beau *Dresswell*; we thought we should have had a Wedding here—there were several who would have been glad to have rival'd him; but she would not admit even of a Visit from any Man without his Approbation—they were on the Walks together, when a surly old Man came up to 'em; and taking her roughly by the Arm, bid her come along with him—she trembled, but durst not refuse—The poor Beau was strangely confounded, but had not the Courage to demand the occasion of so peremptory a Behaviour—he saw his Mistress carried off, he knew not by whom, nor where, and was as full of trouble, as the pertness of his Humour would permit him to be for any thing in the World: there is not a Person here, but he has related his Misfortune to, and is, you may be sure, sufficiently laugh'd at about it.—Early this Morning, the poor Girl was pack'd off with the stern *Don*; but nobody can give the least account, either who he is who has taken her, or whither she is removed—Enquiry has been made at the House where she lodged, but they seem as ignorant as any of us—

all they say, is, that the old Gentleman came on Horseback to the Door; and asking for such a Lady, was told by the Servant, that she was on the Walks—— and that soon after he return'd with her all in Tears. The Landlady happening to see her come in, ask'd her what was the matter; and was bid by the Person who accompanied her, to trouble herself with her own Business——She added, that neither of them went to bed, but pass'd the Night in high Words; and by break of Day, mounted her behind him on a Pillion he bought in Town.

There are various Conjectures on the meaning of this: some think the old Man is her Father; others, that he is her Husband; and some will have him a Gallant.——Be it how it will, the Beau is dreadfully disappointed, and the Lady very much afflicted.——Time will, perhaps, unravel the Mystery; but our People, who, as I told you before, are exquisite in their Art of getting Intelligence, are uneasy beyond Expression, that they have it not in their power to give an Explanation of this Adventure.

I give you thanks for the Books you were so kind as to send me; but cannot imagine for what purpose you gave yourself the trouble of mingling with them Mr. D——s's Proposals——a Fellow who

encourages nobody, ought by nobody to be encouraged; and I must have more Money, or less Understanding, before I subscribe to any thing he does—I beg you will tell the Lady, who was so good as to remember me, that I will not fail writing to her next Post: but if you have Honour, conceal the Adventure of the Garden; and in Return, I will speak the kindest things of you to *Cloe*.

If any Intelligence, besides what I have related occurs, you may depend on having it—in the mean time, believe me

Sincerely Yours,

J. B.

LET



LETTER IV.

I Thought to have been with you, dear Will, before now; but since I am disappointed in my Intentions, send you this to acquaint you with the Occasion, which I know not but may be diverting to you, tho it has been no small Embarrassment to me. — An intimate Friend of mine having made his Addresses to two Ladies with equal Application, obtain'd both their Consents at the same time; both appointed to meet him at the same Hour, and almost at the same Place. — What to do, he knew not; he durst not make any Excuse to either of them, for fear she should think he had abated of his Ardour. — After a thousand confus'd Thoughts, at last he came to me, begg'd me to go to one of the Houses of Affignation, which happen'd to be an Acquaintance of my own, and deliver a Letter

Letter from him to a Lady, whom I should find waiting there, and, if occasion were, second the Contents of it; which, he shew'd, were to complain of the Severity of his Fate, in being oblig'd to deny himself the Pleasure he propos'd in her Company: but that he had an Uncle, whose Favour was all his Dependance, who had oblig'd him to stay at home with him that Evening, to settle some Accounts of an extraordinary Consequence. — I assur'd him I would do in every thing as he desir'd; nor was I worse than my word, tho, I confess, the Sight of the Lady gave me some Emotions, which had like to have made me offer to make up the Disappointment she had receiv'd from him — but Honour got the better of Desire — I perform'd my Injunction punctually, and left her perfectly satisfy'd, that it was only Necessity had occasion'd his Failing — But, as the Devil would have it, as she was going home, who did she meet but the very Lover, and the Lady, for whose sake she had been disappointed; she saw them go into the House they had agreed on for the compleating their Amour. He was too busily employ'd in talking to the Woman he led, to observe who watch'd him — and never was any Rage exceeding

ceeding that with which she came to me next Morning; for on the account of his being married, she could not go to his Lodgings, and vented the whole Stock of her Indignation on me, as a Person who had impos'd upon her, and seconded the Untruths he told.——As she was railing, a Person came from him to let me know he desir'd to speak with me——I had, for above an Hour, been endeavouring to mollify the Lady's Resentment, but in vain; I therefore begg'd her pardon, and went to my Friend, who I found as much incens'd against me as she had been.——It seems he had sent her another Letter of Excuse that Morning, with an Intreaty of seeing her that Day; but she had return'd it back unopen'd, and presently after some body came in, and told him she was seen to come in at my Lodgings.——On this he infer'd, that I betray'd him to her, and reproach'd me in terms suitable to the Cause, if I had been guilty; but I was not, I knew not how to take it.——Words grew very high——it ended in a downright Quarrel, and we agreed to decide the Business by Point of Sword.——The Hour, which was at Six next Morning, and Place for meeting, being fix'd, we parted; I as much enrag'd at his inju-
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rious Suspicion, as he was at my suppos'd Infidelity——In fine, the appointed Time being arriv'd, we met, but had scarce time for one Pass, before we were interrupted by the coming of some Gentlemen, who separated us——Our Inclinations, however, were still the same, and another Day, 'tis probable, had finish'd what we were prevented from on this; if an Accident, the most odd and unexpected that ever was, had not hinder'd it——This fair Lady, either out of Revenge to him, or Inclination to me, took it into her Head to write me a very tender Letter, wherein she begg'd my pardon for having wrongfully upbraided me, said it was the height of Passion and Resentment had made her act as she did——that she confess'd I could do no less in Honour, than preserve the Secret of my Friend from her, who was not so much as of my Acquaintance; and that, on cooler Thoughts, she valued me for that very Quality she had at first been so much enraged at: That he who was so true a Friend, could not fail of making as sincere a Lover; and that she begg'd to see me at that very House, where the other had so ungenerously disappointed her. This Letter she gave to a Porter, who was the same she had been used to employ

ploy to the former Pretender. — The Fellow, imagining he should get some Reward for his Treachery, carries it immediately to him, which he opening, doubted not but he should there find some farther Confirmation of my Guilt; I was strangely surprized, when he saw it contain'd so full a Declaration of my Innocence; he examin'd the Fellow over and over, and finding there was no Trick in it, was prodigiously troubled, that he had proceeded to such Extremities with me; he came to me, express'd the greatest Concern imaginable for what he had done.

In short, we are now as great Friends as ever; but the Lady is doubly balk'd, for I would not give him so great a Shock; as to accept of the Favour she offer'd, she put a great Constraint on my own Inclinations in so doing.

This, dear Will, has been the Occasion that I have neither come nor written — I have a Packet of News for you; but because I hope to give it you by word of mouth, I may spare myself the trouble of writing it — Only one thing I must not omit, which is, that *Clarinda* is going to be married to the greatest Fop in the Universe, an *Irishman* born, but bred in *France* — I

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leave you to judge his Character, and what sort of a Husband this Lady has chose, after all her exclaiming against *Fidelis* for marrying *Amandus*.—The little Doctor struts as much as ever, and has his *Recipe's* very much in vogue; tho' here is a very handsome young Quack lately arrived, who is more in favour with the Ladies—they say, some feign themselves ill, to have a Pretence to send for him to feel their Pulses.—You know him, he is lately married to a young Girl near *St. James's*.—I assure you, he has had some Five Guinea Fees from the Wife of an Eminent Merchant in the City, for a Prescription for Sterility.—But I have a Thousand Things to acquaint you with, when I see you—till when, dear Will, Adieu.

Yours Affectionately,

J. B.
I have a Packet of News for you but because I hope to give it you by word of mouth, I may spare myself the trouble of writing it.—Only one thing I must not omit, which is, that *Clara* is going to be married to the best Hop in the Universe, an Irishman born, but bred in France.—I

P.S. Cloe must not be forgot—I saw her this Day—she is well, and knowing I was about to write, desir'd me to make her Compliment ; I believe you will have the Satisfaction of seeing her soon: she talks of leaving *Bath* next Week.

F I N I S



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FINI

